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The Strayed Sheep.

Return, ye foolish ones! whose weary feet,
Far from My pastured flock and shelt'ring fold,
Have wayward strayed. Unguarded from night's cold,
To prowling beasts a prey; or, parched with heat
Beneath the sun's fierce beam, ye feebly bleat
Your sorrows to the wind; seeking, in vain,
Some 'satisfying portion' to obtain.

Bare rock and thorn-clad desert only greet
Your hopeless gaze; all 'nether-springs' are dry.
By thirst opprest, with hunger inly faint,
Look up, forlorn ones, view your Shepherd nigh
And with My voice again yourselves acquaint:
And follow Me, who would not have you die.
Oh, turn ye! turn ye! ere the day be spent!

F. L. U.

The Regeneration of Skinny.

(Frank Barkley Copley, in 'Pearson's Magazine.'

(Concluded.)

In the week that followed he received several notes from the celebrated pickpocket, and at length Moke began to send him the 'Volunteers' Gazette,' Mrs. Booth's organ. In his cell Skinny pondered over Mrs. Booth's writings. She called convicts her boys! She said she had prepared a home for them to go to when they got out of jail. She repeated over and over again she would help them to find honest work.

Summer came and went, with Skinny still nervously fingering his morphine tablets. Constantly he brooded over the remarkable woman that called convicts her friends and boys. Why, she spoke of them and addressed them as if there really was something good in them! On his bed of pain he tried to picture what she looked like. One night he cried out:

'My God! but she must be all right!'

From out their hiding place he drew the tablets, ground them up with the heel of his shoe, and blew the dust out into the corridor.

IV.

The struggle had lasted five months. It was in the latter part of October that Skinny applied to the chaplain for permission to write an extra letter.

'To whom are you going to write?' he was asked.

'Mrs. Booth,' he answered.

A look of frank amazement came over the chaplain's face.

'Oh, I know,' said Skinny. 'You'll all think I'm faking. But I don't care. Do I get de paper?'

He got two sheets, and on these he poured out to Mrs. Booth much of what he had gone through. He told her he didn't think he ever had had a chance. He told her the detectives were waiting to pounce upon him as soon as he was released, and he asked her if she thought there was any hope for him. Never a man awaited with more eagerness a reply to a letter. Days passed without its being received, and Skinny began to regret what he had done. Then one memorable day he received this:

34 Union Square, New York City,
November 6, 1896.

My Dear Friend: I was very glad to get your letter of the 27th. I should have answered it sooner only I am sure you will understand how busy I have been since I have come home.

I am very glad that you have written me so freely. 'I thoroughly believe all that you say, and I want to assure you that I, for one, think that there 'is' hope for you, and I will gladly do all I can to help and encourage you. I think there is every reason why you should be cheered to go on and do better, while you are even in prison as well as when you come out of it.

I am determined that those who are trying to lead straight, honest lives shall have a chance, never mind how many terms there are back of them.

I am particularly interested in those who 'never' had a chance; so you can remember now that you have at least one friend who will stand by you and help you while you prove yourself thoroughly sincere and earnest.

Do not forget that, however good your resolutions, you must seek a higher, stronger power than your own if you would become victor over the temptations that will assail you, both in prison and when you come out of it.

You have not yet sought Christ as your Saviour, but I do earnestly hope that my friendship may be the means of leading you to him.

I will gladly send you the 'Volunteers' Gazette,' and I hope that its pages may be a cheer and inspiration to you.

Now I pray that the dear Lord may fill your heart with hope, and enable you to begin to lead a new life right there in Sing Sing.

Believe me,
Your friend to help you,
MAUD B. BOOTH.

Skinny read the letter in a kind of stupor. One sentence, however, had burned itself into his brain. It had been underscored. 'I thoroughly believe all that you say.' There was a good woman in the world that believed in him. To make sure he was not mistaken, he again read the letter. Still he was not convinced, and for the third time he read it. Slowly its purport dawned on his consciousness. He had a friend in a good woman that was going to stand by and help him! Sitting on his cot in his little cell, there in the grim old prison, this convict, this thief, this thug, bow-

ed low his closely-cropped head, while tears rained down his hardened features and watered the prison stripes.

Over and over again Skinny read the letter. Emotions strange and vague stirred within him. So far as they took any form they expressed a longing to be worthy of this good woman who was his friend. She wished him to seek a higher power. He didn't know much about a higher power, but if she said so it must exist, and, by God, he would do anything that she wished him to do. So down by his cot knelt the thief in his stripes, and tried to pray to God. Years of imprisonment, kicks and cuffs by the duly accredited representatives of the law had made him only the more defiant; but a few sympathetic words from a good woman brought him to his knees. It was a queer kind of a prayer. Just a blind groping in the darkness for something he comprehended not, that was all.

V.

Since November, 1899, Skinny has been in the employ of a leading manufacturer of New York City who is interested in Mrs. Booth's prison work. Two months after he received his first letter from Mrs. Booth, she went to Sing Sing, and he had an affecting interview with her, the result of which was that Mrs. Booth won a slave that would gladly lay down his life for her. She made him consent to go to the prison hospital, and when the prison gates closed behind him for good and all on February 4, 1898, she had sent him to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, there to be cured of his lumbago by a specialist.

When he started out on his new life, Skinny had to prove his mettle. Until he regained his strength he collected donations with a horse and waggon for Hope Hall, where Mrs. Booth's 'boys' live while they recover from the effects of their imprisonment. Beginning work for the manufacturer, he had a hard time. Sometimes he made only $3.50 a week, and never more than $5. Frequently he had to walk around the block and smoke a pipe for dinner. There were days when it seemed as if he could not stand it any longer. And all the while he had to withstand the jeers of his old associates, Tobin, whom he had vainly tried to win over to Mrs. Booth, among the rest.

When greatly disheartened, Skinny used to go to see Mrs. Booth. After she had talked to him a while, it was her custom to ask: 'Do you wish me to lend you any money, William?' And Skinny would clench his teeth, say 'No,' and go back to work. Once when he was feeling very blue, his employer called him into the office and said: 'Billy, I wish you to take these silver vases and have them well cleaned.' The glow that came from that errand of trust carried Skinny over several dark weeks.

And then he received the job of running the elevator at a regular salary of $10 a week, with the privilege of lodging in a room in the factory. Skinny was rich now. In a little more than a year he had $300 in the savings bank. And what do you think he did with it? Every cent he turned over to a friend who had a large family and was out of work. He missed the money, too; for there was a girl in the factory about whom he was entertaining serious thoughts.

The romance was brought to a crisis when Skinny got his foot crushed in the elevator. The foot had to be turned all night, and the girl insisted upon acting as his nurse. That made Skinny tell Mrs. Booth he wished to marry. She approved, on the condition that the girl be informed about his past life. So Skinny accordingly gave his sweetheart this information, and the view she took of the matter was that his many years of imprisonment made his present honest life all the more admirable. They were married in November, 1901, Mrs. Booth, who is an ordained clergyman, performing the ceremony.

Skinny's employer lent him money to furnish a flat, and his employer's wife and Mrs. Booth say that the bride needed nothing essential. Although their means were limited, Mr. and Mrs. Skinny prospered from the start. Each week something was set aside to discharge their debt, and when Skinny, a year later, was promoted to the post of night watchman at a salary of $14 a week, they were soon free and clear.

At the present day, Skinny continues to mount guard every night over property worth thousands of dollars. His home on First Avenue is as scrupulously clean a place as you could hope to find. And there you now will see two little baby girls. The elder is named Annie Maud, Annie for the wife of her father's employer, and Maud for Mrs. Booth. The younger is named Myrtle Booth, Myrtle being the name bestowed upon Mrs. Booth by her husband. These little girls are the delight of their father's heart. When they become sixteen years old, he says, they are going to join the Volunteers.

Recently Skinny was asked if he had felt any temptation to steal since he came out of prison in 1898.

'Well,' he replied, 'you know they say that once a crook always a crook.'

'But how is it with you?' it was insisted.

'Now, look here,' said Skinny, 'why should I want to steal? I've a good wife who knows how to keep house, and two fine kids, and $125 in the bank. Why, I've got everything in life I want!'

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

A Chinese Martyr's Prayer.

The Rev. D. H. Clare, of Waverly, N. Y., recently received a letter from a friend across the sea in which the following pathetic incident is related: 'Never shall I forget,' says the writer, 'the wonderful prayer offered by a Chinese man at a meeting in Shanghai just before I left for Japan. He was a member of a native church near Tien Tsin, and was going back there with every expectation of death at the hands of the Boxers. He prayed, "Oh, Lord, we rejoice in persecution as thou hast taught us, and as thou knowest it is harder to live a martyr life than to die a martyr death, grant us grace to offer this smaller service acceptably when thou shalt call upon us. Should any, like Peter, deny thee in the hour of trial, O Lord, wilt thou turn and look upon him as thou didst upon Peter, and by that look call him into the life of witness with power to which thy disciple of old was called."' The letter continues: 'This man, with sixty others of his church, has since offered that "smaller service."' In all the history of the Christian Church is there anything more beautiful than this Chinese martyr's prayer?—'Christian Alliance.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Mother's Gift—The Bible.

(II. Tim. iii., 14, 15.)

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come:
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

Thy mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son:
And from the gifts of God above
She chose this holy one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life and joy.

I bid thee keep the gift, that when
The parting hour shall come,
We may have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
The precious faith in this shall be
Sweet incense to my memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid thee cast the pledge aside
That thou from youth hast borne.
I bid thee pause, and ask thy breast
If he, or I, have loved thee best.

A mother's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The heart that would enjoy the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,—
A mother's gift, my darling boy!

[A reader writes: 'The above lines were taken from the Buffalo 'Courier.' I enclose them to you, thinking you might wish to place them in your paper.'—Ed.]

Heathen Liberality to Their Gods.

The Hindoos when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing-floor, take out a portion for their god. However poor, or however small their crops may be, their god's portion is given first.

The Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht says, in his 'Protestant Mission in Bengal,' illustrated, ' All my readers will be surprised to hear how much wealth natives spend upon their idols. I once visited the Rajah of Burdwan, and found him sitting in his treasury. Fifty bags of money, containing 1,000 rupees (£100) in each, were placed before him. "What," said I, "are you doing with all this money?" He replied, "It is for my gods." "How do you mean that?" I rejoined. "One part is sent to Benares, where I have two fine temples on the river side, and many priests who pray for me; another part goes to Juggernaut; and a third to Gaya." And thus one native is spending £25,000 annually from his princely income upon idle Brahmins.'—E. B. Power.

'An old seller of rice,' says a missionary in Amoy, 'a Chinaman, came in the other day and said he had heard that our Board of Foreign Missions was in debt and so on, and he would like to help. He had all his life been saving money, and he felt that he had not long to live. He then handed us $1,200 in silver to forward home to the Board. He asked that we would not let it be known in China. He added that if the Board wished it could be used in any other way preferable.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Two Boy's.

(Edwin L. Sabin, in the 'New England Homestead.')

Of boys 'twould seem we have but one
(A merry, splendid kind),
And when the people say 'your son'
'Tis him they have in mind.
But here's a secret I'll confess:
If people only knew,
They'd ken what now they may not guess;
That boys we number two!

There's Dick, who rises cheerfully
And swiftly dons his things,
And whistles in a blithesome key
As down the stairs he springs;
And through the day, at work and play,
He brims with joke and trick,
And helpfulness, and spirits gay—
But, my, you all know Dick!

Then there's the other boy, of mien
The opposite of Dick's,
Who sometimes 'round the house is seen.
As cross as any sticks!
He frets at rising, frets at clothes,
To breakfast grumbles down,
And does his chores and errands goes
His face a knotted frown!

An awful boy! I fear, to learn
His name in vain you'll try,
Albeit 'Richard!' sharp and stern,
Would doubtless bring reply.
And though you deem that we should care
For both alike—no, sir!
The grumpy lad we well can spare;
'Tis Dick we much prefer.

A Game for Rainy Sundays.

The Baptist Union describes a game called 'Bible Names,' which is an exercise for refreshing the memory, and affords a pleasant pastime for a social hour. The key in this instance is a letter, and the exercise a written one. The leader announces a letter, also the time allowed, and each player writes down the name of every Bible locality which he can recall beginning with that letter. All must begin and close promptly at the command of the leader. To compare results a list is read aloud, each one checking from his own paper the names duplicated. The names unchecked are then read from the next paper, and so on, until every name has been announced, the one having the greatest number being the winner. Names of men and women mentioned in the Bible afford material for other tests.

Jason Bender.

(The Rev. T. J. Kommers.)
(Concluded.)

III.

To his parents the unexpected departure of Jason had been a blow the effects of which did not pass off, but wore deeper as their lonely lives went on. The first evening both pretended to eat: the pretense was a transparent failure.

'Jason is having a nice day to travel in,' ventured Deacon Bender, for the silence was burdensome.

'Yes,' bravely attempted his wife; and then, putting her apron up to her eyes, she cried: 'O Hiram!' and burst into tears. And then he drew his chair near hers, and put his arm about her more tenderly than for many years past, and with a heavy heart he tried to comfort her.

When Jason wrote often, as at first, they kept up their hope that he might really be 'doing well,' as they said to the neighbors when they inquired about him; but when there came a longer interval between his letters, their hopes were changed to fears. They still believed, however, that if Jason could not get on in New York he would return home.

'He will come back; he will come back, dear Sarah,' so the old man always endeavored to sustain his wife's heart and his own. When two months had elapsed since Jason's last letter, their own remaining unanswered, Deacon Bender said to his wife that the boy must be sick, though he himself felt worse fears, and he resolved to go and see him.

When the deacon reached the house where Jason had last lodged, he found that his son's whereabouts were unknown. He learned also that the young man had gradually sold or pawned his small possessions, and even his trunk, and that he had gone with a companion of whom little good could be said. What Bender had half-suspected he now felt to be the bitter truth—his son was a wanderer. As a last resort he applied to the police to see whether they could give him any information, but all they could say was that as far as they knew he was neither dead nor in prison; and that, if the young man was in the city, he was probably in one of the many lodging-houses where the homeless multitudes find a temporary shelter.

For a day or two the old man kept up the search, and once he thought he saw his son, and called out 'Jason!' but when he overtook the man it was a stranger. He looked several years older when he came home.

'I couldn't find Jason,' he said, as he sank into a chair; and then he bowed his head upon the table and wept.

'Is he dead, Hiram?' asked the mother, in a whispered, frightened tone.

The deacon shook his head, 'No,' he answered; 'I don't think he is dead; I couldn't find him, but I think he will come back.'

The next Sunday evening he read from his Bible the fifteenth chapter of Luke. 'Sarah,' he said, 'in the story of the prodigal son the father lost only one son out of two; we'—and his lips twitched—'we had only one.'

Not long after the deacon took to his bed. 'A complication,' the doctor said, for lack of a better diagnosis. In spite of various medicines the patient did not mend. He spoke but little. Now and then he called his wife to his bedside. 'Have you heard anything?' he would ask; and when she shook her head, he added, 'I think he will come back.'

IV.

Jason Bender and Jack Kelling remained boon companions only as long as the former's money lasted; after that Jason had to shift for himself as best he could. Sometimes he earned something, and then he had a square meal; sometimes he managed to get along on a free lunch picked up in some saloon. Usually he slept in a lodging house, obtaining the necessary money from a charitable passer-by, but occasionally he was compelled to spend the night in the scant shelter of a waggon. Of home he thought but rarely; much of the time he was stupid with drink, and in his sober hours he felt that he was utterly unfit to return to the old homestead. There was a great gap between Deacon Bender's son and the ragged outcast he had become.

On stormy nights he often visited some mission; not for the sake of any uplift, but simply because the room was warm and comfortable, and sometimes a night's lodging or a meal would be supplied to him. This time he was at the Bowery Mission of the Young Men's Christian Association; the room was crowded with men in conditions similar to his own, and the leader of the meeting had chosen for his topic the parable of the prodigal son. Ordinarily Jason did not pay much attention to what was said, but as the matchless yet simple story was read, he felt that he was the prodigal. His father's hired man indeed fared better than he.

'I will arise and go to my father,' the leader read.

Jason bowed his head upon his hands and began to think. He was sober, this time. To return home—he had thought of that sometimes, but it had seemed impossible. Was it? The prodigal in the story went home, and his father received him and forgave him. Would his father forgive him? He knew he would. But could he face his old acquaintances? Would they not ridicule him, or scorn him? Yet, would it not be more manly to go back and start life over again, than to live as he did, and, by and by, be buried in the potter's field? It was a long struggle, but at last he rose with the resolution: God help me; I will go! He realized that he must at once break away from his surroundings, and with his last nickel he rode as far northward as the car-line would carry him. A haystack stood in the field; he crawled into it and found it softer and cleaner than the lodging house. In the morning he shoveled the snow from two sidewalks; at one place he obtained his breakfast and a pair of cast-off shoes; at another place a quarter was paid him.

Slowly he made his way northwards. Most of the way he walked; now and then a friendly driver let him take a place on his waggon. At length he reached the vicinity of his home, but, unwilling to be seen, he hid in a clump of bushes until darkness had set in. When he approached the house he recognized the doctor's horse by the gate, and he quickened his steps. Quietly he pushed open the door and listened. He heard his mother in conversation with the doctor. It was then his father who was ill! how ill he knew not. He went outside and waited for the doctor.

When the doctor came out he was startled by Jason's voice. 'I am Jason, doctor; is father very sick?'

'Yes,' replied the doctor, after recovering from his surprise; 'your father is very sick, and I had just about given him up, but you have come in just in time to save him, if you will. He was sick at heart over you, Jason, but if you have come home to stay, and in the right spirit, I think your father will live.'

'Doctor,' said Jason, solemnly, lifting his hand heavenward, 'God knows I have come home to be, as far as I yet can, what my father wished me to be.'

'Then let us go to your father,' responded the doctor. 'He is expecting you, and has been asking daily if you had not yet come home. But first you must change your clothes; your father must not see you so.'

While Jason took off his ragged and ill-fitting garments, and put on some of the clothes he had formerly worn, which were still hanging in his room, the kindly doctor called Mrs. Bender out of the sick chamber and prepared her for Jason's coming. When he came the doctor led him to the bedside of his father, who seemed to be asleep. Jason knelt by the bed and touched his father's hand with his

lips. The old man opened his eyes and then smiled; he put his hand upon Jason's head, and said: 'I thank Thee, O my God; he was lost, and is found.'

Just Once.

'Grandma! tell us the most dreadful thing that you ever saw!' said Jim; 'enough to make your hair stand on end!'

Grandma shook her head. 'I like to remember pleasant things best,' she said softly, as she knitted away at Jim's stocking.

'Oh, but you know, we're young!' said Harry, 'so of course that's different. Exciting things are just what we like best. Just this once, grannie, dear!' he added coaxingly.

The old lady suddenly put down her knitting. 'Ah, Harry! now I will tell you a dreadful story. Your words have brought it to my mind.'

'Some years ago, before we came back to settle in England, there was a very famous swimmer named Webb. He performed feats that nobody else had dreamed of doing. He swam across the English Channel, and that was a thing nobody had ever done before.

'Everybody praised him, and at last he thought he would attempt to swim the rapids of the mighty river St. Lawrence, just below the Falls of Niagara.

'I was in America, staying at Niagara, and your father, who was there at the time, very much wished me to go with the thousands who congregated on the banks to see the famous swimmer perform the feat.

'"Just this once," said your father. "I doubt if he'll care to do it again."

'I don't know how it was, children, but I went.

'There were the thousands watching, and there was that one man in his swimming clothes ready to spring into the swift, sweeping waters which just there run thirty-nine miles an hour.

'Then he gave the leap, dived, came up again, and then—then he was sucked beneath, and the watching thousands saw him no more!

'No man had ever been known to attempt such a thing before, and that "just once" was for him his doom. Never shall I forget the sight; for many a long day it seemed as if it were never out of my sight! Children, you asked for the most dreadful thing I ever saw, and that is it.

'But one thing more I have to tell you, and that isn't dreadful at all. That day of horror led me to fly for everlasting safety in Jesus my Saviour, and there I've been ever since!'—'Our Darlings.'

How to Read With Profit.

The foundation of good reading is the perfect understanding of what you read. Without this you will never be a reader whatever other qualifications you may possess. Strive, then, above all, and first of all, after this, and the rest will probably follow. It is one of the many benefits of learning to read that you must also learn what you read. Until you have tried it you cannot conceive the mighty difference there is in the knowledge you acquire of an author when you read him aloud and when you only peruse him silently. In the former case you must grasp every thought, every word, in all its significance. In the latter you are apt to pass over much of the information or of the beauty through inattention or impatience for the story. Of our greatest writers, the men of genius—it may be asserted that you cannot know them fully or appreciate them unless you make yourself acquainted with their contents, when you read it aloud. If you doubt this, make trial with a play of Shakespeare. However often you may have perused it silently, however perfectly you may imagine yourself to be acquainted with it, when you read it aloud you will find infinite subtleties of the poet's genius which you had never discovered before. I can proffer to you no rules for learning to understand what you read. The faculty is a natural gift varying in degree with the other intellectual powers. But every person of sound mind is capable of comprehending the meaning of a writer who expresses himself clearly in plain language. Learned works can be understood only by learned men, but there are none who cannot appreciate a pictorial narrative; few who cannot enjoy a sensible reflection, a truthful sentiment, a poetical thought, a graceful style. To become a reader, however, you must advance a little beyond this. You must be enabled instantly to perceive these features, for you will be required to give expression to them on the instant. As fast as your eye falls upon the words, the intelligence they are designed to convey should flash through your mind. You cannot pause to reflect on the author's meaning; your hesitation would be seen and felt. Now this rapidity of perception is mainly a matter of habit. It can come only from so much practice, that the words suggest the thought at the moment they are presented.—Sergeant Cox.

A Dog that Carried News.

B. T. Harper, of Southbridge, Mass., gives the following interesting experience:

'The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly; where chickens and turkeys roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

'If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

'With my two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irreproachable behaviour and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?'—'All About Dogs,' by C. H. Lane.

A Terrapin for a Pet.

To make it seem more homelike in mind, if not in fact, a former Baltimorean transplanted to his city last summer a fine diamond-back terrapin, which he placed in an aquarium with a shelving bottom, so that it could choose either water or dry land.

Little Alice, the daughter of the house, soon made quite a pet of 'Terry,' as the perambulating tidbit was called, and 'Terry' soon got to know her laugh and light step. He didn't fancy his prison at all, and quietly submitted to being lifted to the floor, where he would race around at a lively rate. Then he developed a fondness for the kitchen, and would hang persistently around the water pipes, lying quietly, with his head half way out of his shell.

Then, when something that resembled the bugs of his native marches would peer cautiously between the pipes and the floor, he would snap, and 'Terry' would trot merrily around the room with a big cockroach in his mouth, like a dog with a bone. It was Alice that he was looking for, and she knew what he wanted. It was water, for he couldn't swallow his game without it. A saucerful would do, and when it was placed before him in would go 'Terry's' head, there was a gulp and one cockroach less. Then he would crane his neck around in a rubbery manner that delighted Alice and trot off to the water pipes again.

When the cold weather came on, 'Terry' grew slow and melancholy and dreamed of the deep, warm mud of his native flats. He was seen to be unusually busy in the aquarium one day. He was digging with all his little might, throwing dirt into the water, and soon had a respectable puddle. 'Terry' surveyed this with satisfaction, threw in a little more dirt to make the mud thicker, then kicked his way to the bottom, for instinct told him his brothers of the Chesapeake were going to take their winter nap.

Four long months he slept there. Now and then he was taken out and looked upon as a curiosity, though all except the born Baltimorean pronounced him quite dead, and Alice cried. 'Terry' hibernated strangely. His eyes were closed, his head half way out of his shell, his little legs outstretched and sprawling. But they were absolutely stiff, and by not the slightest sign of life did he respond to a jar or the flicking of a finger nail on his head.

With the warm weather there was a stirring of the mud in the aquarium, and one afternoon a pair of bright eyes greeted Alice. 'Terry' was quite refreshed after his four months' nap and undeniably hungry. He soon resumed his position at the water pipes, and it was all over with any bug that came within reach of his telescopic neck, for he never failed to hit his mark.—New York 'Tribune.'

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Keep the Pilot on Board.

A great ship is leaving the harbor. Cargo, provisions, and passengers are all on board. The plank has been drawn in. The great chains have been slipped off. Still there is a little pause. Then a quiet man steps out and goes to the wheel. He is the pilot who is to guide the vessel, with its precious freightage, through the dangerous channel to the open sea outside. Looking at the man we no longer have any fears. We trust ourselves to him knowing that his long experience will enable him to thread the narrow way and bring us safely through.

But there comes a time when the old pilot leaves us. The pilot boat draws alongside. The pilot hands the wheel over to the steersman who is to go with us across the ocean, slips down to the little boat by our side, and goes back to the shore we have left behind. We are no longer in his care. His work is done, and all is well.

But in the journey we are making over the sea of life there never is a time when we may drop our Pilot. We need him, too, when we have reached the broad ocean and the waves are rolling high. Still more do we need him when storms come and breakers are near, as will be the case often during the voyage. At no single point can we say: 'I can go on alone now. I fear no danger. I need no pilot to hold the helm.' We are never safe unless the hand of the heavenly Pilot is on the wheel.

Sometimes youth feels over-strong. There seems to be no need of other help or other wisdom than that which has been given us at birth. 'Why was reason given us,' we question, 'if we were not to be guided by it?' And so we do not take the time to seek the guidance of the One who knows every rock and shoal, and can lead us safely past them. How many a bark has gone down thus in the night and storm, mistaking human reason for the wisdom which is from on high!

But it is manly to trust. Sometimes we look upon it as weakness. Here we make our greatest mistake. The man who has not the trusting spirit is the weakest man in the world. Trusting is strength. It is safety. It is power.

Then, do not drop the Pilot. Keep him ever at the wheel. Trust him. Yield yourself wholly to him, and he will bring you safe into the harbor.—Edgar L. Vincent, in the 'Epworth Herald.'

The Story of Gothawana.

Gothawana was a little Indian boy belonging to the Choctaw tribe, who came into the mission school at Fort Sill soon after it was opened. He was a bright little fellow, and could speak English somewhat, having picked it up from the soldiers, with whom he was a great favorite. He was very fond of them, too, especially of Captain Poole, to whose generosity he owed his first suit of clothes, red cap, buttoned shoes, and all.

His people were 'Blanket Indians,' wearing no clothes except the blanket in which they wrapped themselves, and the boy was wild with delight when he became the owner of a real suit, 'like white folks wore!'

But it was not on account of the clothes alone that Gothawana loved the captain. He had been very kind to him in other ways, and had taught him to shoot, play the banjo, and —one thing he had not meant for him to learn —to swear. It made no difference what his intentions were, however; Gothawana was human, and learned quite as readily from example as from precept; hence when he came into the mission school the very first thing he had to do was to unlearn one of Captain Poole's lessons.

The first time Miss Ainsley tried to show him what a wrong thing it was to take God's name in vain, he opened his eyes in astonishment and said; 'Not bad, teacher; it good; cap'in do it.'

Miss Ainsley was worried. She did not wish to spoil the boy's trust in the one human being he loved—the one man who had befriended him, and yet Gothawana must be taught better. He had never heard of God except in the way the captain and soldiers used his name, and was terrified when told about the great God who had made him, and the world, and everything in it; and who was everywhere, and knew all things, even the thoughts of a little Indian boy's heart.

'Oh, he big, great big! bigger'n cap'in!' he exclaimed.

'Yes; a great deal bigger and better,' answered Miss Ainsley.

'It was he who made the captain, and all the soldiers, too.'

'No; cap'in make hisself,' urged the boy; 'cap'in make soldiers and big guns.'

'No,' insisted the teacher; 'God made the captain and the soldiers, and feeds them and clothes them, and takes care of them all the time. If he did not, they all would die.'

'Cap'in don't know; I tell him,' said he.

'He wants them to be good, and not swear, too,' Miss Ainsley went on; 'it's bad to swear.'

'Cap'in don't know about that,' Gothawana argued, shaking his head. 'I tell him, he do not do it any more. Cap'in good, big good.'

'Ask him if he wants you to swear,' said the teacher. 'Don't forget it;' and Gothawana promised he would not.

That same evening he went over to the barracks to see the captain, and the very first thing he said was: 'Cap'in, there's a big, great big God up in the sky. Big—good—bigger, gooder than you. He made you, and everybody. He is in everything—inside where you think. Is that so?'

'Yes, yes, Gothawana, I suppose it is, answered the captain, smiling.

'You know—always?' asked the boy.

'Oh, yes, certainly,' admitted the captain; 'everybody knows that.'

'Why you not tell Gothawana?'

'Didn't I?' queried the captain.

'No, you swear at him; that's all,' said Gothawana. 'Can't Gothawana swear, too? Teacher say "Not swear;" but I say, "Cap'in do; he good."'

'I would not swear if I were you, Gothawana,' said the captain; 'it is not nice for little boys. It's bad for little Indian.'

'Bad for cap'in, too,' reasoned Gothawana. 'Cap'in mustn't swear.'

'Then I'll quit,' laughed the captain.

'Gothawana 'fraid, he can't sleep,' he said that night when Miss Ainsley came into the hall to put out the light. 'Big God mad 'cause little Indian swear. Gothawana no swear more; he sorry; he good.'

Then very tenderly the teacher repeated the old, sweet story of Jesus and his love. As she told of the baby born in the manger, and of the beautiful life, the tears rolled down Gothawana's dusky cheeks, and sobs shook his sturdy little frame.

'Gothawana love him; love him more'n the cap'in,' he cried. 'He'll help Indian to be good, 'cause He's Friend, and never goes to sleep.'

The teacher prayed for him, and taught him a little prayer. Then Gothawana added a petition of his own for 'cap'in.'

'Cap'in not know about Jesus love,' he said. 'Poor cap'in! Gothawana tell him.'

Early in the morning while the captain was still asleep in his tent, a little brown figure crept into his cloth house, and wakened him by softly calling in his ear: Cap'in, cap'in, you know 'bout Jesus dying for people? It's true, it's true; teacher say so; you know.'

'Why, yes,' said the captain; 'did you come all the way over here and wake me up to tell me that?'

'You not tell Gothawana?' said the boy, reproachfully.

'Well!' exclaimed the captain.

'You love him?' urged Gothawana. 'You must. It's good, good love! Gothawana got it in here,' laying his hand on his heart. 'He's 'fraid you didn't know 'bout it; come to tell you.'

'Yes, I know. And yet I do not know,' murmured the captain as the boy disappeared; 'but I mean to find out more about it, and get it in here, too;' and he laid his hand on his heart as Gothawana had done his.

The Reaction.

We must impress upon parents the great responsibility which rests upon them. I occasionally meet with people who say: 'When I was a boy my father and mother were very strict. They brought me up so rigidly that a reaction took place in my mind, and I have turned away from religion.' I have sometimes said to such persons, 'Did they teach you to to be honest?' 'Yes.' 'To tell the truth?' 'Yes.' 'Did they insist upon it?' 'Yes.' 'Has any reaction taken place on these points?'

There is a great deal of nonsense palmed off upon the community in relation to this matter. Not one man of us learns the multiplication table from sheer love of it; but I never knew any one to say his mind was in reaction against the multiplication table.—Dr. John Hall.

'Where Were His Sisters?'

A lad of sixteen or seventeen, noted for his manliness and honor, was one of a company of persons who were discussing the sad case of a young man who had gone wrong.

One who was present commiserated the unfortunate fellow, remarking that he had been left too much to his own way. His mother had died when he was small, his father was engrossed in business, etc.

The lad who had been listening spoke up quickly, his face flushed with feeling:

'But where were his sisters?' he inquired eagerly.

Happy boy, he had sisters of his own and he knew that, had he been left in such a position as the lad spoken of, they would have put forth the most strenuous endeavors to have saved him from evil. He could not imagine sisters who would do otherwise. Boys, it seems to me, have, in some ways, more temptations than girls. Their lives are less carefully shielded. But, as an offset to these temptations, God gives most boys sisters. And to these sisters he gives opportunity.

Girls, this opportunity is one of the grandest things that God ever gave you. Many a young man feels that, under God, he owes his salvation to a good sister. And, it is to be feared, many another might trace his ruin to a sister's neglect. To be a good sister is to be a great missionary.

'Where were his sisters?' It is a question that may come to us very solemnly some day. Shall we not so live that we can answer:

'Lord, I was standing in mine own place?'—New York 'Observer.'

'That Letter From Ted.'

'The post, mother! Mother, do come down!' cried a child's clear voice. 'Mr. Ledbury's coming over the field, so I expect he's bringing that letter from Ted at last.'

'God grant it,' said Mrs. Marsh, with a half-sigh. Anyway, her little daughter's words made her leave her bed-making and hurry at once downstairs.

Her husband, a shoe maker, had heard the call, too; also an old neighbor who had dropped in for a chat. So there was quite a group at the door ready to receive John Ledbury, the kindly active postman of that scattered Yorkshire district.

'I'll not disappoint you this time, Mrs. Marsh,' he called out in his cheery way. 'I'm not bringing you another advertisement of washing machines,' he said, as he put a thin foreign letter in her strong working hand.

'Thank you, thank you, John,' she said, as she quickly tore it open.

'Oh, mother, do read it aloud,' pleaded little Nancy.

'Aye, do,' said Joe Marsh.

And in the sunlit doorway of the cottage home Jane Marsh read aloud the letter that had travelled so far from her soldier son, whose silence of three months had made her very anxious. It had been penned in a hill station in India, where the writer said he was sent to recruit after two bad attacks of fever. As she read of the seven weeks in hospital, and of the days and nights of unconsciousness, Mrs. Marsh's voice trembled. Still more it shook when she came to the words—

'Oh, mother and father, when I thought I should never leave this infirmary alive I began to think about my soul. I knew I wasn't ready to meet God, and I was that wretched!'

'Puir laddie,' said the old neighbor, as Mrs. Marsh paused to wipe her eyes. 'Aye, but ye'll see the Guid Shepherd didn't leave his wandering sheep alone.'

Ted's mother continued her reading. The soft autumn wind blew in and out of the cottage, taking bright crimson leaves across the stone-paved yard, but no one spoke as she read how day after day Ted lay wondering who could help him to 'prepare for death,' as he put it.

'How I longed, mother,' he wrote, 'that you were by me, and that I had minded better what I had learnt at Sunday-school.'

Then he went on to tell how one night, when he was tossing restlessly in pain of mind and body, a soldier in the next bed said to him, in a low voice—

'My lad, could I do anything to ease thee? I'm whole, but for a damaged arm.'

He had only been brought in the day before, and Ted said he had been struck with his splendid figure and bright, happy face. Ted also described how 'bit by bit' he told him his story, and confessed that he was afraid to die. And he wrote—

'I shall never forget Cartwright's face as he said "Why, my lad, thee must trust in him who overcame death, and opened the gate of heaven to all believers. Bless his holy name, he's saved me, and he's ready and willing to do just the same for thee." ' And Ted added: 'Mother, the long and short of it is that that good man reads bits out of his Bible to me every day, and taught me how to pray. And now your boy can thankfully say that the Lord Jesus has saved him, and made him, oh, so glad Cartwright has been sent up here too, and he's began a little Bible reading with the men. To-day we read the 103rd Psalm together, and these two bits are ringing in my ears: 'Bless the Lord O my soul. . . Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." That's just what he's done for

'Your loving son,

'TED MARSH.'

'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits,' murmured Mrs. Marsh, tears of joy falling on the precious letter.

'Amen,' said her husband reverently, as he led her back into the house.—'Our Own Magazine.'

Living Naturally.

(Robert E. Speer, A.M., in 'Forward.')

The following letter from a student in one of our best colleges sets forth in a frank, boyish way a difficulty which many young men and women feel, the difficulty of living naturally and of mingling with others with comfort and ease. It will be best to let this student state his case in his own way:

'If it is not too much trouble, I would like to ask your advice on some matters, which, in order to be as direct as possible, I will put in question form.

'First. What would you suggest as a remedy for one who is afraid to overstep conventionality, and feels that he is being apparently ridiculous to the fellows even when he may not be so, as, for instance, when he is doing a kind act to one who is not in the college set? Worse than that, I am so cowardly that I am afraid to go into class scraps, and if I think one may take place, I actually get out of the way, though I would prefer to stay. Perhaps this is because I have not had half a dozen fights in my life.

'Secondly. I am a failure as a social being. I can get along with a fellow very well after I have become acquainted for some time, but in a mixed company I am wholly helpless. I guess I must be one of those with an obstructed will. I am too reserved. As you may suspect, I have had no sisters, and until about four years ago I would rather walk round the block than meet a girl in my class upon the street. Is there a remedy for such esceticism?

'Thirdly. I am a plugger, or a poler, as they call it at Princeton. I feel there is lots more worth doing, yet I cannot be content with a fair amount of study. This has been my hardest problem for the two years I have been here. Perhaps I am handicapped because I am not a fraternity man. I am interested in track athletics, but even this has become a business instead of a diversion. How can I become a healthy, lively young man?

Fourthly. How can I learn to respect my fellows and overcome a tendency to suspicion? This is another of my bad habits.

'I have just begun psychology, and this combined with this morning's sermon has set me thinking a great deal on how I can improve myself at a time when it is easiest to create new habits and repress bad ones.

'There is an abundance of other faults and weights which I have, but what I most feel the want of and most certainly desire are courage, social ease, and sympathy.

'Any advice you give to me I will do my best to follow, and I know that to some degree, be it ever so little—would that it were great—I will be better for it. Even to write this letter, over which I hesitated a long time, will do me good. Please do not be too scriptural in replying, as this seldom makes an appeal to any fellow. Please answer this the best you can, and I will be ever thankful to you.'

The frank candor and self-understanding revealed in this letter indicate the source of the student's difficulty. He is too conscious of himself. When he is with others he is aware all the time of how he is behaving and feeling. He does not forget himself in his hearty joy in human intercourse. His difficulty is one of the most common difficulties in the world. He is the world he lives in, and everything appears to him only in its relation to him. Very soon a mist of morbidness settles over such a life. It needs to get out of itself, to forget its moods, to consider life not in terms of its feeling toward it, but in itself. The best way to do this is to be unselfish, to try to make others happy, to rejoice in their brilliancy and prominence. This unconsciousness of self is the beginning of happiness, and it brings out all that is best in men.

But this student's self-analysis and discernment of his own weakness, while revealing the cause of his trouble, give hope of a cure. There are men who are the centre of their own world, who interpret everything in terms of their own personality and self-assertion, and who do not know it. There is no hope for such men. Their conceit is one of the most unpleasant things in the world, and practically irremediable, for the reason that they are not conscious that there is anything to remedy. One must be aware of a defect before he will address himself to its eradication. If we know our weaknesses and are weary of them, we are in a hopeful way to conquer them.

For the man who has found out what his trouble is, as this student has done, the supreme rule is, 'Stop thinking about yourself.' This is what poisons life. As Charles Kingsley said:

'Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven, either.'

But how does a man learn to stop thinking about himself? By thinking about other things, about objects of such attractive power as to keep attention diverted from self. The thought of Christ is the most powerful, diverting and uplifting thought in the world; and all human interests that are innocent and attractive will help. It helps to take up some subject of study or department of investigation, and to become an authority in it. That draws one out of one's self. Wholesome athletics, a friendship enlarged into many friendships, reading of good books, personal cleanliness of attire and body, with perfect modesty of dress, a sense of having right principle, of loving truth and hating meanness—all these help. But the supreme thing is love for others, and that interest in them that springs from a feeling of sincere Christian love. If we are truly interested in others, we shall be happy with them, and find our natural life in their companionship.

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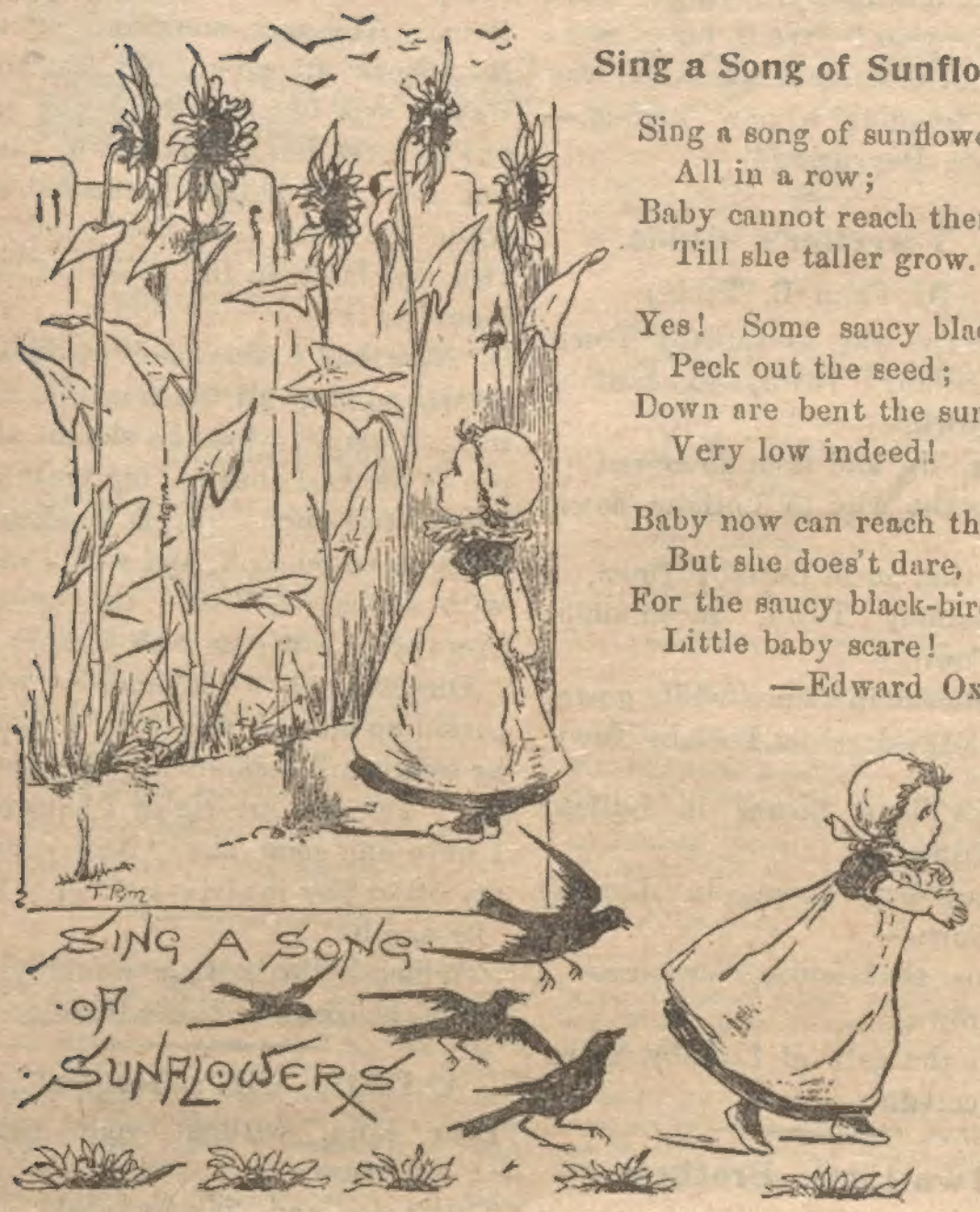
LITTLE FOLKS



Sing a Song of Sunflowers.

Sing a song of sunflowers,
All in a row;
Baby cannot reach them
Till she taller grow.

Yes! Some saucy black-birds
Peck out the seed;
Down are bent the sunflowers
Very low indeed!

Baby now can reach them,
But she does't dare,
For the saucy black-birds
Little baby scare!

—Edward Oxenford.

Anandi's Mite Box.

Anandi was walking home from the village well very slowly. To be sure, the water jar on her head was full and heavy, but this time it was her sober thoughts that seemed to tie weights to her bare brown feet. She was so tired of doing the same stupid things day after day. Why couldn't she go to the big festival at the city like Sukair, her older brother, instead of staying at home all the time, polishing the kettles, bringing water, and helping her mother cook rice? Girls never had any fun. Had not her father told her many times that he did not see why he had been cursed with a daughter, instead of having another son? No one wanted her—and a big tear rolled down her cheek. Before another one could follow, she heard a shout, and looked up the path to see Sukair running to find her, his eyes sparkling.

'Such news, Anandi! A teacher has come to the village, and will begin school at the rest house to-morrow. I'm going, so I can get a big government position when I grow up. Maybe you can go some, even if you are a girl. And the new teacher is going to have a meeting to-morrow, to tell about a new religion that he says is the best. I don't believe that, though, for father has told us to break cocoanuts in front of our god.'

Anandi almost dropped her water jar in her excitement.

'Truly, Sukair? and why did the teacher come here?' she asked, eagerly. But Sukair did not know any more than she that the missionaries whom we have sent to India had sent the teacher to tell the people in her village about Christ.

'O, I must tell mother,' cried Anandi, as she started to run, her feet fairly flying over the ground. How she did want to go to school! She could hardly wait to reach the little mud hut with thatched roof, covered with pumpkin vines, whose big green leaves and yellow blossoms made it a pretty sight outside, even if it was dark and dirty and smoky inside. There she found her father, and begged him to let her go to school. He only shook his head and said, 'We'll see.'

All the village was interested in the new teacher, and they listened quietly the next day to what he said, asking many questions afterwards. They were glad to have a school, and some of them wanted to hear about the new God.

Months went by, and many of the villagers saw that this new Jesus religion was better than worshipping their idols or the big stones daubed with red paint that stood beside the doors of their huts. So a little church grew up. Anandi and Sukair grew happier each day, for they went to the little school with the other children. It did not take them long to learn to read and write, to do sums and recite verses from the Bible. The school hours were the happiest hours in the day for them, for each new thing they learned was like a wide, new window through which they saw much of which they had never before even dreamed.

When the new little church had grown stronger, the white-robed teacher stood up in the meeting one day and said, 'All those who are so glad that they know about the Lord Jesus that they want to help send the good news to other villages where they do not know him, raise their hands.'

How quickly the hands went up!

'But what can we do?' asked Anandi's father, 'We are so poor, and last year was a famine.' 'I know you cannot do much,' answered the teacher. 'But how would it do for each family to take home a little earthen jar, with a hole in the top where you can slip in what pice you can. Then in a year we'll gather them all together, and see how much it counts up and give it to the Lord.'

'Yes, yes,' cried the men, 'we'll do it.'

So each family proudly carried home a kaliam, as they called their queer earthen mite boxes, and tried to earn a little more than usual, or go without something, so they could slip a few little coins into the kaliam. The one that stood in the corner of Anandi's little home grew slowly heavier. Sometimes, when no one was looking, Anandi would pick it up and shake it happily, thinking how much there would be

when they opened it. There was only one little piece in it that she had put in, for there were not many ways a little Hindu girl could earn money. But that particular piece she had slipped into the precious kaliam, oh! so carefully and slowly, because she was so glad that the teacher had come to her village and her father had let her go to school. She didn't very much mind being a girl now, for she was so much happier than on the day Sukair brought her the news.

It was not only Anandi who was eager for the time to come when the kaliams would be gathered together and the money counted. Not that it was easy for the poor villagers to spare the pice, but they wanted to show how glad they were to have a church and a teacher.

The day for opening the kaliams came at last. Every one in the village, whether they had a kaliam or not, dressed in their clean sarees. and went to the service. The kaliams were laid in a great pile beside the teacher, who sat up in front beside a table where there lay a hammer. After prayer and singing the teacher explained why they had used the kaliams, and then took one up, laid it on the table, and held the hammer up in the air ready to strike. How still the room was! Every boy craned his neck to see, and those on the edge of the crowd stood on tiptoe. Anandi, crouched down in front, held her breath. Crash! went the hammer, with such a sharp report that Anandi jumped. The kaliam was broken to bits, while here and there in the dust and broken bits of crockery were gleaming copper and silver coins. Quickly the teacher picked them out, laid them aside, and brushed the earth from the table, with a bright joke that made every one laugh. Then he laid the next kaliam on the table, raised his hammer, and bang! the frail jar was in a thousand pieces. So the next went, and the next. The little pile of coins grew. When the last kaliam was broken and its treasure collected, some one started a ringing hymn, which was taken up by many voices. Then the teacher prayed over the money, and asked God to use it for his work.

The people went home laughing, talking, and happy, saying: 'Wait till next year! We'll have more then!' And Anandi ran all the way home, hugging a new kaliam.—'Mission Dayspring?'

A Traveller's Guide.

(By John B. Tabb.)

This is the way to Lullaby Town,
To Lullaby Town, to Lullaby Town,—
First go up, and then go down;
This is the way to Lullaby Town.

Folks that go to Lullaby Town,
To Lullaby Town, to Lullaby Town,—
Travel each in a snow-white gown;
This is the dress for Lullaby Town.

Dreams have homes in Lullaby Town,
In Lullaby Town, in Lullaby Town—
Dreams that smile, for never a frown
Enters the gate of Lullaby Town.
—Selected.

Two Little Brothers.

Aunt Mamie was staying with Jack, and every evening, when she tucked him into his little bed, gave him what she called a nightcap story. He would laugh, and say: 'The lights are out. Please give me the nightcap'; and when it was finished there was a tender kiss before auntie would creep softly away, and the little eyelids would droop as he travelled to slumberland.

One of the nightcaps was called 'Two Little Brothers,' and I've asked Aunt Mamie, who is a great friend of mine, to let me have it for some other little Jacks. Indeed, I do not believe I shall ever know how many children will read about 'Now' and 'By-and-by,' for these were the names of the two brothers.

'Now' was the younger, and he never put off doing anything. His mamma would say, 'Now, study your lessons'; 'Now, run and play'; 'Now, post my letters'; 'Now, go to bed'; and he always did, that very minute, whatever she said.

'By-and-by' was older and bigger, but he was not as wise. He said to his brother one day, 'I'm going to be a good boy, but I don't mean to begin just yet. It's no fun to study lessons; there's plenty of time.' And once mamma went to New York all alone, and lost her way there, because there was no one to meet her. 'By-and-by' did not mail the letter to grandma when she asked him, but found it, two days later, in the pocket of his trousers.

'Now' had a very smiling face; he was so busy all the time that he never thought when he should begin to be good; but his big brother had a little pucker in his forehead, a discontented look, and would say with a pout: 'What's the use of everybody being in such a hurry!'

One day, when 'By-and-by' was curled up on the sofa with a book, he overheard mamma say to grandpa: 'Yes, you are right, I believe. I have one good boy, 'Now,' but my other boy is always going to be 'By-and-by.'

Which little brother would you rather be like?—'Zion's Herald.'

A Little Girl's Request.

Dear Rain, without your help, I know,
The trees and flowers could not grow;
My roses all would fade and die,—
If you stayed up behind the sky.

But lonely little girls like me
Don't like to stay indoors, you see,
All through the long and lonesome day—
I'm tired of books, I'm tired of play.

I'm tired of listening to the sound
Of pattering drops upon the ground,
And watching through the misty pane
The clouded skies, O dreary Rain!

And so I wish you'd tell me why,
Just to please me, you couldn't try
To let the bright Sun shine all day,
And in the night when he's away,

And all the world is dark and still,
And I'm asleep—then, if you will,
Come down and make my flowers grow,
Dear Rain, and I will love you so.
—'Canadian Churchman.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1, 1905.

Daniel and Belshazzar: The Handwriting on the Wall.

Golden Text.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.—Ps. xxxiv., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 25.—Dan. i., 1-16.

Tuesday, Sept, 26.—Dan. v., 17-31.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—Dan. iii., 1-18.

Thursday, Sept. 28.—Dan. iii., 19-30.

Friday, Sept. 29.—Dan. iv., 1-18.

Saturday, Sept. 30.—Dan. iv., 19-27.

Sunday, Oct. 1.—Dan. iv., 28-37.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

There is not in literature a more vivid word-picture than that which describes the last night at Babylon. Out of that dim past of two millenniums and a half ago, the city is made to rise again in its magnitude, grandeur, and strength. Its walls, towering three hundred and fifty feet, pierced by a hundred brazen gates, inclose a commonwealth rather than a metropolis. It is the centre of the traffic, art, and learning of the world, and into its treasuries the golden streams of tribute and trade are pouring ceaselessly.

The gilded youth, Belshazzar, is the untrammelled master of the scene. He is crown prince, but acting as king while his father, the scholarly Nabonidus, is absent from the capital in research or immersed in study at home. Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, and with his myriad armies of Medes and Persians appears upon the scene. Belshazzar, flushed with the unrivalled strength of his city, does not so much as admit the thought of its being taken. Its fortifications are impregnable, its stores inexhaustible. The incident of a siege does not interfere with the banquet which has been planned. It is held probably in the temple of Belus, that wonder of the world. Many temples of many lands have been looted to supply that table with its gold and silver service, and there is the glitter of 'barbaric pearl.' There are a thousand guests.

What may have begun as an orderly state dinner degenerates into a wild drinking bout, in the midst of which an act of sacrilege is committed when the holy vessels of the temple of Jerusalem are put to ignoble use. The poet probably correctly diagnoses the case when he pictures it as a deliberately planned insult to Jehovah:

'Jehovah, eternal scorn I own
To Thee—I am monarch of Babylon!'

When Jehovah is thus disgraced, the drunken idolators prostrate themselves before images of their gods. At that very moment, in the full light of the candelabra, which may have been the golden candlestick from Jerusalem, a hand appears writing some mystic legend upon the plaster of the wall. The revelers are sober in an instant. A pallor and limpness spread over all. There was a scurrying about for the magi, but their skill failed them. At the queen's suggestion Daniel is brought in. The king appeals to him deferentially. Never did a servant of God show himself more worthy of his high calling. He disdains the proffered gifts, great though they are. With relentless fidelity he points out Belshazzar's course as compared with that of Nebuchadnezzar. Then he addresses himself to the interpretation of the inscription. 'Numbered.' 'Weighed.' 'Divided.' The last page in Babylonian history is written. Its course is 'finished.' It is 'weighed' by the unerring hand of the God of nations, and in spite of its phenomenal advantages is found 'wanting.' And now its doom is irrevocably sealed. It shall be 'broken,' 'divided' between its conquerors. The last act of Belshazzar is the fulfilment of his vow, and the granting of the reward for the interpretation. An empty honor that to be ruler of a kingdom even then dissolving.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Vivid Picture.
  Babylon: Size, wealth, strength.
II. Belshazzar.
  Crown prince acting king.
  Character as indicated by incident.
III. The Siege.
  Cyrus, Medes, Persians.
IV. Banquet.
  Place, nature.
V. The Incident.
  Sacrilege.
VI. Doom.
  Handwriting, interpretation.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

In the Art Museum at Boston there is a very significant memorial of this unparalleled scene. The great American genius, Washington Allston, took it as subject for an historical painting. He left it unfinished, freely admitting his failure. It was beyond his art in particular to paint the face of Belshazzar on receiving his doom.

The scene has been the theme of several poems of unusual power. Byron, Heine, Croly, and Milman have all treated it with their gifted pens.

Daniel, the abstemious, stood in the presence of the most luxuriant banquet ever spread. His temperance was a jewel, which outshone all others.

The gains of temperance have marked illustration in current events. The Japanese are abstemious. The Russians are not.

Rulers have a moral responsibility incident upon their high position. To this Belshazzar was recreant.

The character of Daniel is all the more lustrous when compared to that of Belshazzar. He was faithful to God and truth.

Daniel made small account of material rewards. He served God not for the profit there was in it.

The prophet did not cringe before an absolute monarch, the crook of whose finger might have been the signal to lift his head from his shoulders. He uttered his message fearlessly, without equivocation.

While walking with a Hebrew professor in the Jewish section of a city recently, he picked up a bit of newspaper. It was German, printed in Hebrew characters. It would, of course, be unintelligible to one who did not know the alphabet of the Hebrew. So the Aramaic words of the inscription on Belshazzar's wall may have been in characters familiar only to Daniel.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 1.—Topic—The joys of church membership. I. Thess. v., 5-15; Luke xii., 8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

STORIES ABOUT CALEB.

Monday, Sept. 25.—Caleb was not afraid. Num. xiii., 28-30.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.—Caleb trusted in God. Num. xiv., 6-10.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—Caleb followed God fully. Num. xiv., 23, 24.

Thursday, Sept. 28.—Caleb saw the promised land. Deut. i., 36.

Friday, Sept. 29.—Caleb's happy old age. Josh. xv., 13.

Saturday, Sept. 30.—Caleb's inheritance. Josh. xv., 13.

Sunday, Oct. 1.—Topic—Stories about Caleb. Josh. xiv., 6-15.

Little Things for Teachers.

A great sculptor once said, when asked why he devoted himself so assiduously to the trifling and apparently unimportant parts of his work: 'Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection is no trifle.'

So it is that success in Sunday-school work, especially in managing and teaching a class, will depend largely upon your attention to little things, such as the following:

Be in your class before your scholars are.
Keep sweet.
Pray while you teach.
Love them and show it.
Never lose your temper.
Invite the class to your home occasionally for a good social evening.

The definition of the Sunday-school in the spiritual dictionary is something like this: A soul-winning, soul-building soul-propelling, and soul-expanding institution.—John R. Pepper.

The Teacher in Touch With The Child's Memory.

(The 'Evengel.')

Every teacher has observed that there are some subjects that, mentioned once, are remembered by every scholar. For example, the night of the Christmas festival or the day of the summer excursion. But, as the number of subjects for which even the most skilled and apt teacher can gain undivided attention is limited, we must fall back upon another law of mind. What is effected by a great force of attention acting once or twice, may be effected by a less force acting many times. Mind is like a piece of metal. One vigorous stroke may fix the impression or a number of less vigorous ones. The teacher must therefore constantly repeat and illustrate the text.

There is a truth that should be stated here for the encouragement of the many teachers who so frequently say, 'I went all over this with my scholars and they scarcely remember anything. The mind does not always remain in the same state. The child-mind is especially variable. Statements that make no impression when heard the first time may peculiarly impress when repeated. A trout fisherman may pass down a stream casting his flies into every likely pool without catching a fish. He does not therefore conclude that there are no fish in the stream. A few days later he passes over the same water and fills his creel. What the fish would not notice one day they were eager to grasp another day. We teach the lesson of the Crucifixion nearly every year; and hundreds of young people all over our country could rise up and testify that not the first or the second, but the fifth or sixth presentation of that lesson left an impression on their minds that could not be removed, and that led them to give their lives to Jesus.

I heard a gentleman say that frequently as a boy with his father he rode over a peculiarly-shaped hill near his home, and that as they passed his father rarely failed to say that he believed there was iron ore in that hill. What his father said made no impression upon him. He practically forgot it. But one day he read an interesting magazine article on the subject of iron, and when his father repeated his familiar expression the next week it came with a new meaning. He could not drive it from his mind, and the next day he carefully examined that hill, with the final result that he and his brothers have made independent fortunes out of the rich ore from its sides. Some day, teacher, your word, like that father's, shall find a mind ready to receive and to retain until its possessor searches and finds the riches that are in Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A True Heroine.

A FACT.

She was no lady of high degree,
No pride of birth, and no wealth had she,
  Yet I count her a heroine quite.
I doubt if, a mile from her mother's door,
Even her name had been heard before,
  For she was but a little mite.

The tiniest mite, only four years old,
Just a plaything to plague, to pet, to scold,
  But a heroine all the same.
I'll tell you her story as told to me,
And then I am sure you will all agree
  How well she deserves the name.

She was left alone in the house one day,
And, alas! by accident or in play,
  Her frock was set alight;
Her tender limbs were all burnt and charred,
Her childish beauty was, oh! so marred,
  It was a piteous sight.

They knew she was dying; they tried in vain
  All kinds of things, just to ease the pain;
'Give her brandy,' they whispered low.
The little child heard them; she shook her head,
Smiled up in her mother's face, and said,
  'A Band o' Hope child, you know.'

'Oh, take it darling!' once more they cry,
'It will do you good if you only try,
  And perhaps the pain may go.'
But again came the shake of the curly head,
And again she smiled and more faintly said,
  'A Band o' Hope child, you know.'

And almost as soon as the words were said,
That brave little spirit gently fled;
  And the angels who tended it smiled,
For far up in heaven rang sweet and clear,
The words that were faltered so quaintly here
  By the lips of the dying child.

That is all her story—'tis quickly told,
But you'll grant that this baby of four years old
  Was a heroine, I hope?
For no soldier e'er fell in the fiercest fight
More true to his colors than did this mite,
  As she lisped of her 'Band o' Hope.'

'I daresay she didn't know what she meant,
And wouldn't the time have been better spent,
  I hear some cynic inquire,
'If, in place of filling the little head
With Band of Hope stories, you'd taught her, instead,
  The danger of playing with fire?'

Ah well, we know not, we are so blind,
But perhaps there was more in that childish mind
  Than you or I can say;
For truths that are hid from the old and wise,
When looked at by innocent baby eyes,
  Shine out as clear as day.

Who knows but the child, as she turned away
From what they would give her, saw, plain as day,
  A fire that made her shrink?
A fire that meets us on every hand,
That is blazing and burning all over our land,
  The terrible fire of drink!

What other flames have done half the wrong?
What other fire, however strong,
  Has burnt at the awful cost
Of ruined homes that were once so fair,
Of hearts all broken in wild despair,
  Of souls degraded and lost?

Of hopes all shattered, of mis-spent years,
Of women's sighs and of children's tears,
  Of sin and misery black;
Of hoary heads all bowed with shame,
Of horrors we cannot, nay, dare not name?
  Drink leaves all these on its track.

Oh, say, shall this little one speak in vain?
Shall her words not nerve us to strive and strain
  To break even one more link
In the chain that binds us on every hand,
To destroy that curse that degrades our land,
  That terrible curse of drink?
—'Alliance News.'

The Liquor Law of Finland.

In his book, 'All the Russians,' Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., is filled with admiration for Finland and the Finns. It is a little country full of wood and water (he says), having two hundred and fifty rivers flowing into the Baltic. Rock, and pine forest, river and lake, with here and there a little patch of cultivated land around a cluster of wooden buildings—that is Finland outside its towns. But it is the home of a hard-working, thrifty, and prosperous peasantry, whose houses are neat and tidy, fences in good order, gates sound and closed. Their homes and villages are in marked contrast to those of the Russian peasant, who is, as a rule, dirty, drunken and untidy. In the towns of Finland, neatness, self-respect, and prosperity are even more marked than in the country districts. As for the capital—Helsingfors—it has grown in forty years from being a town of 20,000 inhabitants to one of 85,000. And Mr. Norman saw in it no slums, no rookeries, no tumbledown dwellings of the poor, no criminal quarter, no dirt. Instead, he found order, cleanliness, convenience, and all the externals of modern civilization.

Then he refers to the extraordinary reports from such a sparsely populated and barren land, and of the sums of money the Finns have in the savings banks. All this has been accomplished in spite of one of the worst climates where people live at all, and where the people seem to have nothing but wood and water. And to what does Mr. Norman trace this extarordinary prosperity? 'Sobriety rules in the country because the sale of intoxicants is absolutely forbidden. Almost the only thing you may not take freely in your baggage into Finland is spirituous liquors.' 'To one wise law the Finn doubtless largely owes his freedom from a vice which cold and poverty and loneliness and opportunity have developed to a terrible degree among his great neighbors to the east; the sale of alcohol, in any shape or form, is absolutely prohibited in Finland outside the towns. A Finnish country man can only obtain intoxicating liquor by going to a town and bringing it back with him, and towns are few and distant. And if he wishes to celebrate some domestic festival, he must have a police permit before he can entertain his neighbors with drink. Except for this law, the savings banks would tell a sorrier tale.—The 'National Advocate.'

Aunt Jessie's Dark Picture.

A TRUE STORY.

While staying with Uncle Peter in Edinburgh, my brother William and I visited the principal places of interest. The Royal Scottish Academy formed a special attraction, and we saw much that surprised and delighted us. During the evening we had a lively discussion with uncle and cousin Bernard, concerning the work of the most distinguished artists. Aunt Jessie took little or no part in the conversation; but at length surprised us by remarking 'I have a most uncommon picture—I'm certain you'll see nothing like it in any picture gallery.' 'Indeed! may I ask what the picture is like,—landscape, portrait, or a sea piece?' queried William. 'Oh, it is too difficult to describe; but, if you come with me, you can see it, and judge for yourselves,' replied Aunt Jessie, rising. Our curiosity was thoroughly aroused as we entered her private sitting-room. 'There now,' she exclaimed, on closing the door, 'try and find out my special picture.'

We eagerly and carefully scanned the various paintings that adorned this sanctum of exquisite taste and neatness; and at last, observed a very dark looking picture in a frame of ebony and gold. 'Whose portrait is that?' we involuntarily exclaimed; 'it is surely the likeness of some negro; and yet, I never saw a face with such an expression,' said William critically. 'No; I'm sure you haven't,' rejoined Aunt Jessie. 'The picture represents no ordinary countenance! Turn in what direction you please, the eyes are fixed upon you with that bland expression which seems to say, 'I'm not so bad as I look.'

When we had gazed long and earnestly at the strange looking visage, Aunt Jessie said, 'Sit down beside me on this cozy lounge, and I will tell you the history of that picture.

'The artist who painted it was exceptionally clever, and his work commanded exorbitant prices. He moved in the highest circles of society; but, unfortunately, became too fond of the wines and choice liquors so frequently offered to him by those whom he called friends. His downfall was gradual but sure, and at length, an honorable name, and a bright career, were sacrificed to that subtle, hideous idol,—'Strong Drink!' One night while suffering from the tortures of delirium tremens, this poor artist imagined he saw the Evil one. Wishing to keep on friendly terms with such a cruel foe, he told him he would give him a gill of the best whiskey if he would allow him to paint his portrait. His Satanic Majesty was evidently pleased at the compliment genius paid to him; for the artist immediately selected card board, paint, brushes, and palette in hand sat down before his easel, and produced the picture you now see.'

'It is quite unlike the proverbial "blue devils" which people in the artist's condition usually see,' I remarked. 'A friend of ours who is a doctor, once told me that, in the hospital where he was, when they had patients suffering from that disease, he sometimes asked them to sketch a likeness of the horrid creatures their imagination painted. Those willing to comply with his request, received what materials they asked for; and invariably represented old nick and his imps as most grotesque figures striped in an ingenious manner with red and yellow, blue and pink.'

'Yes; I believe so; but I think this a most remarkable picture,' replied Aunt Jessie. 'The longer you study it, the more depth of character you discover. No one save a man of talent, could have produced from a dark, hazy background, a still darker face, the lofty forehead surmounted by black curly hair. Despite the heavy jaws, and grinning mouth, in which the full complement of teeth is visible, his visage wears a look of sublime satisfaction.'

'This is what surprises me,' observed William. 'Had I attempted such a subject I would have given him an expression combining ugliness, cruelty, treachery and cowardice; although I agree with the artist regarding his complexion. It is, as it ought to be—Black!'

'Many people who have seen this strange picture, have expressed the same ideas as you: yet I think the poor artist was quite right in painting our spiritual enemy like that,' answered Aunt Jessie.

'There would be less sin in the world today, if Satan always appeared to people as he really is. He only assumes his true character of "a serpent," and " a roaring lion," to those who strive to resent him. We shudder at the thought of anyone becoming a thief, a drunkard, or a murderer; and yet, Satan represents sin to be so pleasant, that those who listen to his beguiling voice, see no harm in carrying out his evil suggestions, and thus are ruined ere they are aware. If we would be safe from Satan's snares, we must give ourselves into the Saviour's keeping; and wear the Christian armor St. Paul speaks about in Eph. vi., 13.'

'Why, Aunt Jessie, you have preached a capital little temperance sermon,' exclaimed William, brightly. 'I assure you, neither of us will forget the sad story of your dark picture, nor the warning it proclaims,'—'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'—M. I. J., in the 'Temperance Record.'

Alcohol is a Brain Poison.

Science has established that alcohol destroys first and most those parts which are most delicate and most recently developed. These are those wonderfully delicate brain cells upon whose proper formation the difference between men and beasts chiefly depends.

Whoever gives wine and beer to a child injures these delicate structures in their formation, and thoughtlessness, flightiness, passion, coarse sensuality, and all base characteristics attain domination.—Franz Schonenberger, M.D.

Correspondence

R.V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Well, here I am back again, and it is not so very long since I visited our corner before. I think it was chiefly to answer those riddles which I gave in my last letter that I came so soon, for I know some one will be looking for them, and then, too, I wanted to thank the Editor for giving us the list of subjects. I was much pleased with them. But here are the riddle answers, if you forget what the questions were, look in my letter in Sept. 1st paper. 1. One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down. 2. The back of the clock. 3. Another bull-frog. 4. Because it often takes a fly.

Now for a subject for my letter. I have chosen 'My Hobby,' because you might call my last letter 'My Favorite Hero in Book-land,' and I did not know of anything particularly interesting about 'The Summer Holidays.' At first I did not think of choosing this subject at all. It always seemed to me that a hobby was something connected with men and boys. But then I began to think that perhaps I really didn't know what having a hobby meant, so I went to the dictionary, and it said 'A favorite pursuit,' and that means that drawing is my hobby. I have always liked to draw, and do quite a lot of it in my spare time, but still I am by no means a good drawer, and wish I were much better. I think the plan you have taken fine, of publishing some of the drawings, and am sure it will help a great many young artists. I am sending in two drawings which I drew from imagination. Number 1 I call 'Washing Day.' The little girl is, of course, washing dollie's clothes—there is the little pile of dresses by the stand, and on the stand is the soap and tub of water. Her name, I think, might be Dorothy. You see she hesitates before her washing. I think she is wondering if that meddlesome puppy might come along and take her dolly from its cradle, which sits on the veranda. I think she will go and bring dolly into the house before she goes on with her washing. In Number 2 we have Dorothy again. This time it is evening, and she has just been rocking dolly to sleep in her own little rocking-chair, and as we see her in the picture is about to rise very gently and place her sleeping charge in the same little cradle which sat on the veranda in the morning. I am waiting anxiously to see what the rest of the girls and boys have to say about hobbies, and indeed, about all the subjects. Now just before I close, have any of you ever tried to blow a small cork into a wide mouthed bottle? Well, try it. Take a very wide mouthed bottle, place it level with you mouth, and place in the neck of a bottle a small cork, now blow very hard, and you will find a very different result from that which you expected. But I must close now.

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

Gilbertville, Mass.

Dear Editor,—In one of the letters lately one of the girls said she could not enjoy the sports of winter, but did not say why; perhaps she will write another letter and tell us why. I myself have hip disease, but expect to be perfectly well by next summer. Do you put large drawings in print? I have quite a few larger drawings than the ones in the picture, but will not send any this time. Have any of the readers been in the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto? I have, and I liked it very much. I was there nine months, and while I was there we moved to the Lakeside Home on Toronto, which I enjoyed very much. I liked reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially continued stories. I am very fond of reading, and I liked the 'Elsie' and 'Mildred' books very much. I have read all the 'Mildred' books. I close, hoping this letter is not too long.

SARA I. S.

(You may send a drawing of any size.—Ed.)

Stanbury.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger'; that isn't many times is it, boys and girls? We have moved to Sheldon Springs, Vt. since the last time I wrote. It is quite a pleasant place out there. My father and brother work in the 'pulp mill,' there, so I go through the mill quite often. Aren't all your correspondents glad that it is about time for ripe apples? I am, that is sure. My three brothers and myself are back here at Stanbury, on a visit, and it seems pretty good to get back again where there are some flowers and trees in the yard. I haven't seen any of the people around here yet, since I only came a few days ago. We don't take the 'Messenger' at Sheldon Springs, so when I got back I saw it, as my Aunt takes it, and I thought I would write.

JANE HUNTER (age 12).

Denbigh.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters. I milk two cows. Our school opens in a week. I have a little kitten, and I call it Pollie. My little brother has a kitten, and he calls it Minnie. I think it is very funny to have fun on the big hay-mows, and to have a nice big swing up. My oldest sister at home takes music lessons.

M. E. T.

P. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I lived with my Auntie in T. for two years, and we got the 'Messenger' in the Sunday School. I liked it so well that when I came home Mamma got it for me for a Christmas gift. I love to read the stories in it, but I liked 'Daph and Her Charge,' and 'Amalia the Little Fish Seller' especially well. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a lot of good books. I wonder if any person's birthday is on the same day as mine, Sept. 22nd. I am twelve years old, and I passed into the High School this summer. I have one sister and one brother. My sister and I go down to the beach to bathe nearly every day. There is a lovely beach here, all sand bottom. We have both learned to swim fairly well. There is also a fine park here, and large excursions often come in and spend the day. In the holidays I spend most of my time there and at the beach.

EMILIE C. BOYCE.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and as I had never written before, I thought I would do it now. We live on a farm about three miles from the city. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than myself. We all go to school but my youngest sister. The school is about a mile away. We walk in the summer, and father drives us in the winter. About three weeks ago I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from one of the boys that go to our school, so I thought I would write too. My little sisters and I have a good time through the holidays. There is a creek running through our place, so we go fishing and paddling in our bare feet. I have a pony so I can ride horseback.

E. H. (age 14).

C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading my sister's 'Messenger,' and thought I would write a letter to your correspondence page. I live just about three miles from Ottawa, on a farm. I am not at home now, but am visiting at my grandpa's farm. My grandpa's farm is on the Rideau River, and is a very pretty place. I think I will tell you of a game that we sometimes play, that some little boys and girls might like to try. First, place a lighted candle on the table, blindfold the person who is to be 'It,' place him with his back to the candle directly before it, and tell him to take three steps forward, turn around three times, and walk back three steps towards the candle, which he must then try to blow out. Perhaps he will—but perhaps he may try to extinguish something or somebody in an entirely different part of the room. I think it would be nice if some of the other girls and boys would tell us how to play some of the games that they know.

Did any of you ever try saying quickly, 'A soldier shot a soldier on the shoulder?' Try it now.

'PUSS-IN-BOOTS.'

St. J., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' of Aug. 18 a question asked by Gertie E. Long. Where is the middle verse of the Bible? I found the answer of this question to be the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. I should like to ask if any of the 'Messenger' readers could answer the question: 'What is the longest verse of the Bible?'

PEARL R. LONG.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I think that the 'Messenger' is the best paper I ever took. I think that the drawings are very nice. I have lots of pretty flowers. I have a good many pansies now. I have given away lots of pansy plants to my neighbors. I have a flower garden with wild flowers in it, and then I have another flower-bed with tame flowers in it. There have been very many wild flowers in the woods, but most of them are gone. I can stand in our door and look south and see a large hollow with trees on both sides. There are all colors of leaves. There is a creek in the little valley, and the water is nearly always clear. When it rains the creek runs over its banks. There are lots of little fish in it. I have been taking music lessons for a few weeks. I think it is pretty nice to take music lessons. We are going to build a large brick schoolhouse here. I will be glad when we get it. We have Sunday-school in our old schoolhouse. I think that it is very nice. I am secretary and I like the office very much. We get so many nice Sunday-school papers, and I like to read them.

JOSEPH WINFRED TAYLOR.

Suthwyn P.O.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl just nine years old. I live on a farm ten miles from Winnipeg. I enclose a dollar for the Cot Fund, which I earned by picking raspberries and strawberries for mother during my holidays. I hope you will get a lot more money, so that the little children may have comfort and care when ill. Your Little Friend, IVY M.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Washing Day.' Little Chatterbox (14), R.V., Ont.

2. 'Some Vermont Hills.' Jane Hunter (12), Stanbury.

3. 'Little Mother.' Little Chatterbox (14), R.V., Ont.

We have put in two by the same young artist this week, as they are not only nicely drawn, but interestingly written about.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Ivy Morrison, Suthwyn P.O., $1.00; Hibbert J. Hallamore, 25c.; Alberta M. Eisenham, 10c.; Isaac S. Hallamore, 5c.; Amanetta M. Hallamore, 5c.; all of Upper New Cornwall, N.S.; total, $1.45.

HOUSEHOLD.

This is What the Mothers Do.

Playing with the little people
Sweet old games forever new;
Coaxing, cuddling, cooing, kissing,
Baby's every grief dismissing,
Laughing, sighing, soothing, singing,
While the happy days are winging—
This is what the mothers do.

Planning for the little people,
That they may grow brave and true;
Active brain and busy fingers
While the precious seedtime lingers,
Guiding, guarding, hoping, fearing,
Waiting for the harvest nearing—
This is what the mothers do.

Praying for the little people
(Closed are eyes of brown and blue.)
By the quiet bedside kneeling
With a trustful, sure appealing;
All the Spirit's guidance needing,
Seeking it with earnest pleading—
This is what the mothers do.

Parting from the little people
(Heart of mine, how fast they grow!),
Fashioning the wedding dresses,
Treasuring the last caresses;
Waiting then as years fly faster
For the summons of the Master—
This is what the mothers do.

—Selected.

Give the Girls a Chance.

(Venita Seibert, in the 'N. E. Homestead.')

On my daily tramps I pass through an old playground, a beautiful, shady, flowery old place. There the boys have a rollicking good time. In an open space at one end the older boys play baseball before an excited and perspiring audience, whose chief ambition is to become some day a member of 'the team.' Under the trees games of marbles, leap-frog, foot races and other games are in progress.

Very seldom have I seen a little girl at play there. One afternoon I met two little maidens gathering violets in a shady place. While I stood watching them a boy came running up with a baseball bat in his hand.

'Susie,' he shouted, 'mamma says for you to come home right away and tend to the baby!'

'Yes, and, Annabel Burns, you're goin' to catch it when you get home—your ma's been calling you for an hour!' added a boy who followed the first.

'Oh, she wants me to wash the dishes. Come on, Susie!' and the two little girls ran away.

There is the whole secret in a nutshell. Why are so many of our young women flat-chested, sallow, and all 'nerves'? When a young girl is sent to high school or when she enters an office or a store to earn her living, and after a year or two we find her broken down in health, we are apt to charge it to hard work or too much study, but it is undoubtedly because she has no reserve force of strength and energy. Very few young men break down with nervous prostration. They have during their childhood built healthy bodies and strong nerves because of their free and unrestricted life. While they played baseball and raced in the open air, their little sisters were at home tending the baby, washing dishes, learning to sew.

Mothers, is this fair play? Why not let the boys take a turn at the girls' work? It will not hurt them to know how to wash the dishes. It will make them gentler to take care of the baby for an hour or two. It may perhaps some day be of much value to them to be able to sew buttons on their clothes. Let the girls do the boys' work once in a while. It will make their backs strong to chop kindling wood and carry water. It will give them fresh air to go on errands.

If the outdoor work and indoor work were more fairly divided, we should have stronger and better developed girls and gentle and far more unselfish boys, and it will not take away from the womanliness of the one nor from the manliness of the other.

I know of several families where the brothers and sisters are all employed during the day. When they reach home in the evening the boys eat their supper and are off, but the girls must help with the dishes; they must mend their clothes, perhaps make some of them, and they must also mend clothes for their brothers. And yet these same boys, when asked to take a sister out to some entertainment, are apt to grumble.

Oh, mothers, is this right? Is it fair? The girls have worked hard all day just the same as the boys—they are just as much entitled to their evening of rest and recreation. Let the boys learn to mend their own clothes, or if their sisters do so, let them accept the service as a favor and be willing to return it in every way possible.

Mothers, be fair with your children. Give them equal rights. Send your girls out to run and play as well as your boys. Divide up the work that keeps them indoors. Do not encase their bodies in stiff corsets and do not even lengthen their skirts and make young ladies of them at 12 and 13. Begin now to make the woman of the future—healthy and vigorous. Give the girls a chance!

Who are to Blame?

Not so much, of course, in country places, but in our villages, towns, and cities, it is a common thing to see on the streets, boys, and, in too many cases, girls, of young years, engaged in the wildest kind of romping and play after hours when it would be best for them and best for the citizens if they were at home, if not in their beds. How does it come to pass that children who likely have had their freedom for pastime and play morning, afternoon and early evening, are permitted to be away from the parental roof during hours of the night? Are there no comforts at home? Are there no parents there who are thinking about the associations of their children and who are seeking to guide their companionships? Are the children to blame, or their parents?—'Canadian Baptist.'

Infection by Drinking.

One of the new theories of hygiene that doctors are teaching to persons who have children to rear is concerned with the comparatively unimportant duty of drinking out of a glass in the proper way. The new way of drinking, according to the physicians who teach it, avoids any contact of the lips with the rim of the glass, says the Minneapolis 'Journal.' The lips are held so that the rim of the glass just touches the outside of the lower lip. By the usual method of drinking the glass is held between the two lips. The newer way is urged by doctors as a means of avoiding any possible infection from using a glass that had been previously handled by a sufferer from a contagious disease.—Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Preserved Watermelon Rind.—Take the rind of the melon, pare off the outside green and cut into shapes or small squares. Soak for an hour in salt water on back of stove. Then wash thoroughly, put into preserving kettle with three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, one large lemon sliced (remove seeds); put in ginger root to flavor it. Cook until the juice is thick and the preserves have the appearance of citron.

Refreshing for an Invalid.—Peach foam is suggested as a novelty in invalid cookery. It is made by taking half a cupful of powdered sugar, the white of an egg and one cupful of peach pulp. Beat with a silver spoon in a large bowl for thirty minutes, and the result is—or should be—a velvety cream. The same authority gives grape foam, which consists simply of the white of one egg beaten stiff and added to two tablespoonfuls of grape juice. Add a little scraped ice and sprinkle with powdered sugar.—'Tribune.'

Almond Jumbles.—These are a nice dessert for hot weather, and can be made easily. They are very delicate and are made of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, two eggs and flour enough to make a batter that can be rolled and cut out into cakes. When taken from the oven rub a little white of egg over each one and sprinkle with granulated sugar.

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